

Raffan's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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THE DUMB CHILD.

She is my only girl.
I asked for her as some most precious thing—
For all unfinished was love's jeweled ring.
Till set with this soft pearl!
The shades that time bro't forth I could not see—
How pure, how perfect, seemed the gift to me!

Oh! many a soul old tune
I used to sing unto that deadened ear,
And suffer not the slightest footsteps near,
Lest she might wake too soon!
And hushed her brother's laughter while she lay—
Ah! needless care! I might have let them play.

'Twas long ere I believed
That this one daughter might not speak to me;
I waited and watched—till I knew how patiently
How willingly deceived.
Vain Love was long the untiring nurse of Faith,
And tended Hope until it starved to death.

Oh! if she could but hear
Per one short hour, till I her tongue might teach
To call me mother, in the broken speech
That thrills the mother's ear!
Alas! those sealed lips never may be stirred,
To the deep music of that holy word!

My heart it sorely tries,
To see her kneel with such a reverent air
Beside her brothers, at their evening prayer;
Or lift those earnest eyes,
To watch our lips, as though our words she knew,
Then move her own, as she were speaking, too.

I've watched her looking up
To the bright wonder of a sunset sky,
With such a depth of meaning in her eye,
That I could almost hope
The struggling soul would burst its binding cords,
And the long-pent-up thoughts flow forth in words.

The song of bird and bee,
The chorus of the breezes, streams, and groves,
All the grand music to which nature moves,
Are wasted melody
To her; the world of sound a tuneless void;
While even silence hath its charm destroyed.

Her face is very fair;
Her blue eyes beautiful; of finest mould
The soft white brow, o'er which, in waves of gold,
Ripples her shining hair.
Alas! this lovely temple must be kept,
For He who made it closes the master-key.

Will He the mind within
Should from earth's babel-clamor be kept free—
E'en that His still, small voice, and step might be
Heard at its inner shrine,
Through that deep hush of soul, with clearer thrill?
Thence could I guess of, or murmuring heart be still!

She seems to have a quiet sense
Of quiet gladness in her noiseless play.
She hath a pleasant smile, a gentle way,
Whose voiceless eloquence
Touches all hearts, though I had once the fear
That even her father would not care for her.

Thank God it is not so!
And when his sons are playing merrily,
She comes and leans her head upon his knee,
O, at such times, I know,
By his full eye, and tones subdued and mild,
How his heart yearns over his silent child.

Not of all gifts bereft,
Even now, how could I say she did not speak?
Whispering language lights her eye and cheek,
And answers thanks to Him who left
Unto her soul yet open avenues
For joy to enter, and for love to meet!

And God in love doth give
To her defeat a beauty of its own,
And we a deeper tenderness have known
Through that for which we grieve,
Yet shall the seal be melted from her ear,
Yes; and my voice shall fill it—but not here.

When that new sense is given,
That never spoke to meander melody
Than the rich songs of Heaven—
To hear the full-toned anthem swelling round,
While angels teach the ecstasies of sound!

THE DEMON IN HAWKSON'S HOUSE.

From the Phila. North America.

The coals are glowing in the grate. A red and cheerful light spreads over the little sitting-room of William Hawkson's house, showing the plain but neat and clean carpet, and chairs and tables, with the pretty prints framed upon the wall—Mary's guitar and William's violin presiding, like the spirit of harmony, over the domestic comfort of the apartment. Baby Bell has hummed herself to sleep, rattle in hand, in the cradle, and her brother, of three years, romping Harry, has passed in his play to watch the flitting smiles upon her dimpled face. From the room back, used both as kitchen and dining room, comes a warmer glow, and the inviting savors of cooking meat, while the song of bustling Mary Hawkson rings merrily in contrast with the wind's howling and moaning among the snow-drifts out of doors. Six o'clock has struck, and William is expected from his carpenter shop. William works hard, and steady, for he has a precious object in view—that of securing a house of his own. At the end of every week, a portion of his earnings is placed in Mary's hands, to be added to the store in the corner of the topmost drawer in the bureau, for the money is too valuable in the carpenter's eyes, to be entrusted to the keeping of the best established saving fund.

It is Saturday night. William at length arrives wearied, and covered with snow. But his manly cheeks glow, and his blue eyes brighten as he shakes the snow from his rough overcoat and cap, and enters the home of his heart. Mary advances to greet him; but the color flies from her cheek, the song suddenly ceases, and she heaves strange sighs as she goes to give her husband the welcome kiss. What can produce such a change amid so many endearing comforts?

"Hurrah! Mary," cries the bold, frank voice of the carpenter, "it's hard work, but thank God and you, Mary, two more weeks will make up the sum that shall place us in our own home! Come! give me a hearty hug and one more kiss! That's the way! Bless the little darling—she's asleep. Harry, take care of that coat, it's too wet for you to handle.—There's the money, Mary, and now let us go to supper, for I am very hungry!"

In the ecstasies of his joy—like a sailor, whose heart bounds, as after a voyage of peril, land comes in view, he does not observe the tear trembling in Mary's eye, or the fluttering voice with which she responds to his greetings—and then they proceed with the evening meal in the carpenter's home.

The two weeks have passed away upon the path that has no returning step. It is Saturday night again in the carpenter's home, and William is expected from work. Mary Hawkson has been seated before the grate for a full hour, to the neglect of supper, Baby Bell, and even the importunities of little Harry. The glow of the fire falls upon a face, pale and deathly in its expression—and meets the fire of eyes in which wildness and sadness strangely mingle. Suddenly she starts up, and her thoughts speak out—

"I will, I must make another risk!" and then sinking into the chair again, falters forth, "but God in heaven, what will that avail?"

A footstep is heard approaching the house. She dries her tears as well as she can, and awaits with a fearful tremble, the coming of William. His hand is upon the knob, and as a spasm shoots through the heart of the wife, the joyful carpenter bounds into the room shouting "It's done, Mary—it's done. Here's the money, the last of the sum we wanted.—Quick!—bring down the box, and let us count the whole, to be sure that we have not been mistaken.—Quick!"

Why does he turn a glance of surprise upon Mary—surprise even in the glow of joy?—The wife rises to her feet, but seems scarcely able to stand: she turns upon her dotting husband a look of utter despair, and then sinks down at his feet.

"William—husband—forgive—forgive?"—she uttered, but could not proceed.

"Why, Mary—how—what's the matter?—there is nothing to forgive, love. Here's the balance of the money—we shall have a house of our own, and then—when there's no rent to pay, you shall not spend your pretty hands in the kitchen any more," says William, endeavoring to make her rise.

"William—William—you have no money," she answers, and sinks to the floor.

The carpenter stands like one stricken with the thought of approaching death.

"What do you mean? Have you been robbed?" he at length asks in a husky voice, and the glow of his cheeks changes to an ashen hue.

"No, no—you have been robbed, and I am the thief! William"—she now musters strength enough to say, "hear me, and then let me die, as I deserve. I have abused your confidence.—The money you have given to my care, has been spent in the policy shop, even to the last cent. I was induced to try my fortune there, and have ruined both you and myself. Oh! forgive me!"

But the agonizing cry for forgiveness falls upon ears that convey but unmeaning sounds to the carpenter's brain. He has heard but a portion of the narrative of ruin, and the appeal for forgiveness is answered by a maniac's hollow laugh! The carpenter utters but the one word—"devil!"—dashes his wife to the floor, and rushes wildly from a home that he can know no more!

Days pass away—days of fearful agony and despairing search on the part of Mary Hawkson and of grief on the part of the poor carpenter's many friends. And then, among the masses of floating ice in a dock on the Delaware, the hair of a corpse was discovered matting upon the temples, and the eyes were seen gleaming with a frozen stare. The body was hauled upon the wharf, and before the Coroner arrived, a woman's wild shriek startled the laborers on the wharves, and Mary Hawkson was raving over her husband's body. And, though the corpse now moulders beneath the snows of the church yard, never since has the wife, so fatally weak—so sinned against, yet sinning—ceased to rave, like a fury, over the ruin the policies wrought.

THE MATTER-OF-FACT MAN.

Here is a very amusing picture of that species of odd fish known as the *Matter-of-fact Man*:

"I am what the old women call 'An Odd Fish.' I do nothing under heaven without a motive—never. I attempt nothing unless I think there is a probability of my succeeding. I ask no favors when I think they are not deserved, and finally, I don't wait upon the girls when I think my attentions would be disagreeable. I am a matter-of-fact man—I am. I do things seriously. I once offered to attend a young lady home—I did, seriously, that is, I meant to wait on her home if she wanted me. She accepted my offer. I went home with her; and it has ever since been an enigma to me whether she wanted me or not. She took my arm, and said not a word. I bade her 'good night,' and she said not a word. I met her the next day, and I said not a word. Met her again, and she gave me a two hours talk. It struck me as curious. She feared I was offended, and couldn't for the life of her conceive why. She begged me to explain, but didn't give me the ghost of a chance to do it. She said she hoped I wouldn't be offended; asked me to call; and it has ever since been a mystery to me whether she really wanted me to call or not.

"I once saw a lady at her window. I thought I would call. I did. I inquired for the lady,

and was told that she was not at home. I expect she was. I went away thinking so. I rather think so still. I met her again. She was offended—I had not been neighborly. She reproached me for my negligence; said she thought I had been unkind. And I've ever since wondered whether she was sorry or not.

"A lady once said to me that she should like to be married, if she could get a good congenial husband, who would make her happy, or at least try to. She was not difficult to please, she said. I said, 'I should like to get married too, if I could get a wife that would try to make me happy.' She said, 'Umph!' and looked as if she meant what she said. She did. For when I asked her if she could be persuaded to marry me, she said she would rather be excused. I excused her. I have often wondered why I excused her.

"A good many things of this kind have happened to me that are doubtful, wonderful, mysterious. What, then, is it that causes doubt and mystery to attend the ways of men? It is the *matter-of-fact*. This is a matter-of-fact world, and in order to act well in it, we must deal in matter-of-fact."

ROMAN CATHOLICISM IN AMERICA.

Read the following extract from a Roman Catholic paper of wide circulation in Western New York, edited by Father Oertel, of the Roman Catholic persuasion. Says he:

"Whoever undervalues the spiritual power of the Church in the United States, wanders in a fearful labyrinth. We have not only seven Archbishops, thirty-three Bishops, and seventeen hundred and forty Priests, all in the service of the Pope and the Church, but we have also thirty-one colleges, thirty-seven seminaries, and a hundred and seventeen female academies, all founded by the Jesuits, bringing danger and death to unbelief, and mischief to American Know Nothingism and radicalism. And the hierarchical band, which, like a golden thread, surrounds forty-one dioceses and two apostolic vicariates, and stretches from the Atlantic Ocean to the still waters of the Pacific, and maintains an invisible, secret, magnetic connection with Rome—this Hierarchy is to us a sure guarantee that the Church, perhaps after severe struggles and sufferings, will one day come off victorious over all the sects of America. It is computed that there are at present, more than two millions of Catholic inhabitants in the United States, who are baptized and confirmed Catholic soldiers of the Lord, and who, at the first summons, will assemble in rank and file. Then will men not undervalue the power of the Catholic Church in the United States. I will scatter sand in no one's eyes, and therefore I stand forth openly, and directly declare, that the power and influence of the Catholic Church are stronger than many believe. Whoever doubts this must be either a fool or blind."

We learn further from an incidental remark in the same article, that the Catholic Church last year, had already eighteen hundred and twenty-four churches, and at present the number is still larger; that besides Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans, Charleston, Georgetown, and New York, which an article in the Allgemeine Angsburg Zeitung, on the same subject, designates as the bulwarks of the Catholic Church in North America, Baltimore, the metropolitan seat, the head-quarters of the Fathers of Redemption, who there have their provincial, is a Catholic division; that Philadelphia with its Jesuits, Redemptorists, Augustines, and with its distinguished clerical seminaries, possesses rich churches and the regard of the ruling clerus; and that Pittsburg, Buffalo and Milwaukee are each the residence of a Bishop—who, without noise indeed, but with astonishing results, labors in his widely extended diocese, but who is surrounded by a clergy as distinguished for wisdom as for zeal and self-sacrifice."

Father Oertel thus presents the great and disciplined army of his wily church and then turns to upbraid the miserable heretics, who hesitate to worship his relics and be overawed at his mummeries. How long Sons of America, will this intriguing and ambitious Catholic priesthood permit us to rule our own country? Archbishop Hughes has already notified us, that if we don't like Romanism, we must move out of its way.—*Conn. Courant.*

SAVAGE PENNING.—A Western paper having stated that Judge Douglas was a man of loose habits. Prentice replies that on the contrary he is often very tight. Another remarks that he has gone to Cleveland to try "the water cure," and to this is added that drinking water only will remove his malady.

POLITICAL WIT.—A letter-writer speaking of those Free-soilers who prefer Lewis D. Campbell to Nathaniel P. Banks, for Speaker of the House, compares them to the Scribes and Pharisees, who "strain at a gnat and swallow a Campbell."

"That's So!"—New clothes are great promoters of piety. A new bonnet or a new dress will induce a girl to go to church at least twice on Sunday, where she did not go once before she got it.

Be attentive to your neighbor at the dinner table; pass her every thing she requires; and if she would unwittingly make an ill-natured remark, pass that also.

LAST DAYS OF JUDGE JEFFREYS.

In the new volumes of Macaulay's History of England is the following account of the last days of the notorious Judge Jeffreys:—

"Among the many offenders whose names were mentioned in the course of these inquiries, was one who stood alone and unapproached in guilt and infamy, and whom whigs and Tories were equally willing to leave to the extreme rigor of the law. On that terrible day, which was succeeded by the Irish Night, the roar of a great city disappointed of its revenge, had followed Jeffreys to the drawbridge of the Tower. His imprisonment was not strictly legal; but he at first accepted with thanks and blessings the protection which those dark walls, made famous by so many cries and sorrows, afforded him against the fury of the multitude. Soon, however, he became sensible that his life was still in imminent peril.

For a time he flattered himself with the hope that a writ of *habeas corpus* would liberate him from his confinement, and that he should be able to steal away to some foreign country, and to hide himself with part of his ill-gotten wealth from the detestation of mankind; but till the government was settled, there was no court competent to grant a writ of *habeas corpus*, and as soon as the government had been settled, the *habeas corpus* act was suspended. Whether the legal guilt of murder could be brought home to Jeffreys, may be doubted. But he was morally guilty of so many murders that, if there had been no other way of reaching his life, a retrospective Act of Attainder would have been clamorously demanded by the whole nation. A disposition to triumph over the fallen has never been one of the besetting sins of Englishmen; but the hatred of which Jeffreys was the object was without a parallel in our history, and partook but too largely of the savageness of his own nature.

The people, where he was concerned, were as cruel as himself, and exulted in his misery as he had been accustomed to exult in the misery of convicts listening to the sentence of death, and of families clad in mourning. The rabble congregated before his deserted mansion in Duke street, and read on the door, with shouts of laughter, the bills which announced the sale of his property. Even delicate women, who had tears for highwaymen and house-breakers, breathed nothing but vengeance against him. The lampoons on him which were hawked about the town were distinguished by an atrocity rare even in those days. Hanging would be too mild a death for him; a grave under the gibbet too respectable a resting place; he ought to be whipped to death at the cart's tail; he ought to be tortured to death like an Indian; he ought to be devoured alive.

The street poets portioned out all his joints with cannibal ferocity, and computed how many pounds of steaks might be cut from his well fattened carcass. Nay, the rage of his enemies was such, that, in language seldom heard in England, they proclaimed their wish that he might go to the place of wailing and gnashing of teeth, to the worm that never dies, to the fire that is never quenched. They exhorted him to hang himself in his garters, and to cut his throat with his razor. They put up horrible prayers that he might not be able to repent, that he might die the same hard-hearted, wicked JEFFREYS that he had lived. His spirit, as mean in adversity as insolent and inhuman in prosperity, sunk down under the load of public abhorrence. His constitution, originally bad, and much impaired by intemperance, was completely broken by distress and anxiety.

He was tormented by a cruel internal disease, which the most skillful surgeons of that age were seldom able to relieve. One solace was left to him—brandy. Even when he had caudex to try and councils to attend, he had seldom gone to bed sober. Now, when he had nothing to occupy his mind, save terrible recollections and terrible forebodings, he abandoned himself without reserve to his favorite vice. Many believed him to be bent on shortening his life by excess. He thought it better, they said, to go off in a drunken fit than to be hacked by Keruz, or torn limb from limb by the populace.

Once he was roused from a state of abject despondence by an agreeable sensation, speedily followed by a mortifying disappointment. A parcel had been left for him at the Tower. It appeared to be a barrel of Colchester oysters, his favorite dainties. He was greatly moved; for there are moments when those who least deserve affection are pleased to think that they inspire it. "Thank God," he exclaimed, "I have still some friends left!" He opened the parcel, and from among a heap of shells out tumbled a stout halter.

It does not appear that one of the flatterers or buffoons whom he had enriched out of the plunder of his victims, came to comfort him in the day of trouble. But he was not left in utter solitude. John Tutelin, whom he had sentenced to be flogged every fortnight for seven years, made his way into the Tower, and presented himself before the fallen oppressor. Poor Jeffreys, humbled to the dust, behaved with abject civility, and called for wine. "I am glad, sir," he said, "to see you." "And I am glad," answered the resentful whig, "to see your lordship in this place." "I served my master," said Jeffreys; "I was bound in conscience to do so." "Where was your con-

science," said Tutelin, "when you passed that sentence on me at Dorchester?" "It was set down in my instructions," answered Jeffreys, fawningly, "that I was to show no mercy to men like you, men of parts and courage. When I went back to Court I was reprimanded for my lenity."

Even Tutelin, acrimonious as was his nature, and great as were his wrongs, seems to have been a little mollified by the pitiable spectacle which he had at first contemplated with vindictive pleasure. He always denied the truth of the report that he was the person who sent the Colchester barrel to the Tower.

A more benevolent man, John Sharp, the excellent Dean of Norwich, forced himself to the prisoner. It was a painful task, but Sharp had been treated by Jeffreys, in old times, as kindly as it was in the power of Jeffreys to treat anybody, and had once or twice been able, by patiently waiting until the storm of curses and imprecations had spent itself, and by dexterously seizing the moment of good humor, to obtain for unhappy families some mitigation of their sufferings. The prisoner was surprised and pleased. "What!" he said, "dare you own me now?"

It was in vain, however, that the amiable vicar tried to give a salutary pain to that scathed conscience. Jeffreys, instead of acknowledging his guilt, exclaimed vehemently against the injustice of mankind. "People call me a murderer for doing what at the time was applauded by some who are now high in public favor. They call me a drunkard because I take punch to relieve me in my agony." He would not admit that, as President of the High Commission, he had done anything to deserve reproach. His colleagues, he said, were the real criminals; and now they threw all the blame on him. He spoke with peculiar asperity of Spart, who had undoubtedly been the most humane and moderate member of the board.

It soon became clear that the wicked judge was fast sinking under the weight of mental and bodily suffering. Dr. John Scott, prebendary of St. Paul's, a clergyman of great sanctity, and author of the Christian Life, a treatise once widely renowned, was summoned, probably on the recommendation of his intimate friend Sharp, to the bedside of the dying man. It was in vain, however, that Scott spoke, as Sharp had already spoken, of the hideous butcheries of Dorchester and Taunton. To the last, Jeffreys continued to repeat that those who thought him cruel did not know what his orders were, that he deserved praise instead of blame, and that his clemency had drawn on him the extreme displeasure of his master.

Disease, assisted by strong drink and misery did its work fast. The patient's stomach rejected all nourishment. He dwindled in a few weeks from a portly and even corpulent man to a skeleton. On the 18th of April he died, in the 41st year of his age. He had been Chief Justice of the King's Bench at 35, and Lord Chancellor at 37. In the whole history of the English bar there is no other instance of so rapid an elevation, or of so terrible a fall. The emaciated corpse was laid, with all privacy, next to the corpse of Monmouth in the chapel of the Tower.

AN ARKANSAS LEGISLATOR.—A member of the lower chamber of the Legislature of Arkansas, was persuaded, by some wags of his neighborhood, that if he did not reach the State House at ten o'clock on the day of assembling, he could not be sworn, and would lose his seat.

He immediately mounted, with hunting frock, rifle, and bowie knife, and spurred until he got to the door of the capital, where he hitched his nag.

A crowd was in the chamber of the lower House, on the ground floor, walking about with their hats on, and smoking cigars.—These he passed, ran up stairs into the Senate chamber, set his rifle against the wall, and bawled out:

"Strangers, what's the man that swears me in?" at the same time taking out his credentials.

"Walk this way," said the clerk, who was at the moment igniting a real Principe, and he was sworn without inquiry.

When the teller came to count noses, he found that there was one Senator too many present. The mistake was soon discovered, and the huntsman was informed that he did not belong there.

"Fool who with your corn bread?" he roared, "you can't flunk this child, no how you can fix it—I'm elected to this Legislature, and I'll go agin all banks and eternal improvements, and if there's any of your oratory gentlemen wants to get skinned, jest say the word, and I'll light upon you like a nigger on a woodcock. My constituents sent me here, and if you want to floor this two-legged animal, hop on, jest as soon you like, for though I'm from the country, I'm a little smarter than any other quadruped you can turn out of this drove."

After this admirable harangue, he put his bowie knife between his teeth, and took up his rifle with, "Come here, old sike, stand by me, at the same time pointing at the Chairman, who however, had seen such people before.

After some expostulation, the man was persuaded that he belonged to the lower cham-

ber, upon which he sheathed his knife, slung his gun on his shoulder, and with a profound congreo, remarked:

"Gentleman, I beg your pardon. But if I didn't think that lower room was a groggery, may I be shot."

A SPORTING ADVENTURE.

BY A BACKWOODSMAN.

I have often seen accounts of "hair breadth 'scapes" in such cases, which very wise people—who know nothing about it—in more civilized places, have charged to the marvellous, but which we of the woods, at least many of us, know to be not only possible, but highly probable, and in some instances, by sad experience; in illustration of which, I will endeavor to describe an adventure of my own. In 1837 I resided on the banks of the Mississippi, (C. W.) as I had done from my infancy. I was then, about 19 years ago, stout and athletic, and passionately fond of wild scenery and sporting adventures. The month of October had arrived—the great season for partridge and deer shooting; and in accordance with my almost daily custom, I sallied out with my fowling piece—one barrel charged with a ball, and the other with small shot. I had succeeded in bagging some small wares, and in passing a creek observed a raccoon busily employed turning over the stones in search of frog, worms, &c. Without giving the matter much thought I succeeded in removing "Ursa Minor" to another, if not a better world; and being rather corpulent to carry through the woods, I hung him upon a sappling, intending to send for him the next day; and as the part of the country in which I was did not afford large game, I charged the second barrel with shot also. I had proceeded perhaps a mile, and was crossing the outskirts of a Tamarack swamp, through a succession of narrow and rocky gullies, with high and precipitous sides, and had sprung from a rather high rock into a rift of not more than three feet wide, when I perceived the eyes of an immense buck glaring at me, at not over ten feet distance. A glance showed me that he had no means of escape except over myself; and aware of the desperation of this otherwise timid creature, under such circumstances and at this particular season, I formed my resolution in an instant. I cocked both locks, placed my fingers on the triggers, and resolved to wait his spring, as I did not think my charge would injure him except at the very muzzle; I then knelt upon one knee and watched his eye. All this took place in a very few seconds.

At length the hunches and ears were drawn back, and with a tremendous snort he bounded in the air, with the evident intention of descending upon me; quick as lightning both barrels were discharged full into his breast, and I received a shock as if from a pile engine, which deprived me of all sensation. About three hours afterwards, I was brought to a state of partial insensibility by something licking my face, and something growling and scratching my clothes; but being very faint I did not look up until enormous paws tore flesh with them; then, indeed, I did look up, when, what was my horror, to see a huge bear, coolly licking the blood from my lacerated breast. Weakness, more than self-possession, kept me still a moment, while two half-grown cubs were tearing and scratching my legs and feet. The desperation of the case aroused me to sudden energy, and my right arm being broken, I slowly stretched my left hand to my back for my hunter's knife, resolved, if such can be called resolution, to save my life if possible. I had got it drawn from the sheath, and was watching a favorable opportunity to plunge it into the brute's throat, when, with a frightful roar, it fell across my body, apparently in the very agonies of death. A fearful struggle ensued, which soon put a stop to my feeble exertions. When I next became conscious, I was seated leaning against a rock, and a stalwart Indian youth, who had been my companion in many a hard day's hunt, was busily engaged in binding up my wounds, with leaves, and strips torn from his own scanty garments. Not being able to take me home that night, he made a fire and nursed me as a mother would a child, and the next day carried me by easy stages to my parents.

It appeared that he had called for me, but being told that I was only gone a few minutes, thought that he would make up to me—he accidentally came to where I had shot and hung up the raccoon, but found that some bears had broken the sappling and eaten their cousin.—He then struck their trails, and followed them to where he saw the old one apparently devouring something, he did not know what. He fired, and being aware of their tenacity of life, waited to re-load his rifle ere he ventured to advance—a sad job for me, as by its dying struggles I have been maimed for life. It is worthy of remark that the deer had been so close upon me when I fired, that his chest was singed, and that the barrels of the gun were found nearly eight inches deep in the wound formed by their own discharge, while I and the stock had been driven upwards of thirty feet by the force of his spring.

Such are some of the perils of the backwoods sportsman, and which with many others, equally romantic, is an 'o'er true tale,' as I and many others know by hard experience.

No franking privilege exists in England.—Even the Queen has to pay her penny.